

CAN ANIMALS REASON? CAN THEY NOT?

Little Stories That Tend to Prove That They Have Reasoning Powers.

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN

THE recent controversy between two eminent naturalists, one contending that animals can think, and the other claiming that they cannot, has aroused a great deal of interest and called forth a large number of stories in support of both sides of the argument.

A ship's captain accidentally imprisoned a large rat in a glass apartment in his cabin, and being curious to see just how resourceful the mind of the rodent would prove in its dilemma, placed inside a narrow-necked bottle filled with water. The rat became visibly excited at the smell of the liquid, and ran around the bottle time after time in an attempt to get at the sorely needed refreshment. Finally it backed up the receptacle, inserted its tail in the neck of the bottle, and then cautiously withdrawing the same, proceeded to lick the moisture from it.

Wily Old Harbor Shark.

Those who oppose the argument that animals have reasoning powers lay the greatest stress upon their being so easily trapped, but there are many instances which would show that some of them become very cautious indeed. Almost every harbor has its wily old shark that will swim around the baited hook, smell of it a time or two, and, as the sailors say, "turn up his nose at it." The inexperienced deep-sea shark will gobble the bait every time.

Another captain tells about having a pet weasel on board his ship that was never known to molest the poultry on board, but just as certain as they tied up alongside any other craft at the various ports where they called, the weasel would go foraging for every fowl's throat that he could reach. This same skipper says that he raised a pair of pigeons on board that would always fly away to land as the ship approached. They would invariably depart before land was sighted, and seldom returned until the vessel was far out at sea. Once they failed to join the ship, but when that port was made again in about six months, they were promptly on board with a pair of young ones that they had raised in the meantime.

Birds Helped Wounded Mate.

A hunter tells about firing into a flock of terns as they were feeding in the sea. One of the birds fell into the water with a broken wing. The tide was moving shoreward at the time, and the helpless fowl was gradually drifting into the clutches of a cormorant. Imagine his surprise when a couple of its mates swooped down upon it, each grasping a wing in its beak, and bore it seaward again. His astonishment was increased when the cormorant, burden-bearers were relieved by another pair of feathered rescuers, and still another, until their home rock was reached in safety.

A Small Dog's Revenge.

A New England man furnishes an account of how a small dog he owned contrived to secure vengeance upon a larger canine that was in the habit of worrying it. It was noticed that the small dog was saving part of its daily allowance of food for the larger dog, and continued for several days until quite a quantity had accumulated. Then the scheming little terrier appeared with a number of larger dogs, and a general feast followed. At the conclusion of the treat which was made possible by the denial of the one with a grievance, they all set off toward another part of town, and the owner followed out of curiosity. The object of the little dog's economy, and its reason for sharing with the others, soon became apparent. They met and soundly punished the offender which had been making life miserable for its small neighbor. Although a close watch was kept, the bully made no effort to retaliate and gave the place a wide berth thereafter.

Another remarkable case in which canine wisdom is cited, was where a retriever and a terrier saved a 2-year-old child from drowning. The larger dog succeeded in dragging the body into shallow water, while the terrier held the unconscious child's head out of the water until the arrival of help. A woman near heard the dogs barking for some time, first one and then the other seeming to be in distress, and the suggestion was that they relieved each other in the task of keeping the little one's head up. Some of her playthings were found on the end of a plank walk leading out over the deep water, so it was easy to surmise where she had fallen in. It was certain that the retriever pulled her ashore because the strength of the little dog could not have been equal to the task. When help arrived both dogs were almost exhausted from their exertions, but the terrier was gamely holding on, while the retriever was barking for dear life.

Tabby's Treatment For the Sick.

A western woman had a cat with unusual traits of character. Tabby had been in the family long time and had always been looked after by the mistress of the house. When the latter took sick the cat seemed very sympathetic. It became much more demonstrative than usual, insinuating upon the sufferer's face and hands, and showing by every possible way its deep affection and concern. It had been the custom each week for the cook, while doing the marketing, to procure a piece of liver for Tabby. This would be cut into seven pieces, and a portion given to the cat each day. When the mistress took to her bed, Tabby showed that her heart was in the right place by carrying her allowance of meat upstairs and carefully laying it on the coverlet in front of the sick person. Finally, to tempt the appetite of her good friend with this morsel, Tabby did her best by purloining the whole piece of liver from the cook's basket, before that worthy had an opportunity to cut it up, and surprised them all by dragging it upstairs and onto the bed before she could be intercepted. This cat's evident notion of treatment for the sick was something to eat.

A man who spends considerable time each year hunting in the northern woods, tells of an experience he had with a bull moose which led him to believe that that particular bull was nobody's fool. He slightly injured the beast at closer range than it is usually possible to approach such game. Suddenly the animal turned and rushed toward the hunter with lowered head. The sportsman squared away and prepared for a second shot, but to his horror his feet became entangled in some briars and he fell. Close to him was a large tree several feet in thickness. Without having an opportunity

to recover his weapon, he barely had time to scramble to his feet and dodge behind the trunk of the tree, before the bull was upon him. The breathless hunter was chased around that tree until his head fairly whirled. Suddenly the bull stopped and charged from the other direction. Then he stopped again and resorted to the small boy's trick of making a feint one way, then darting in the other. He nearly caught the now thoroughly rattled hunter by the nose. The gentleman claims that the timely arrival of a companion, who dropped the wily bull in his tracks, was all that saved his life.

Rabbit That Played 'Possum.

Another novel story that deals with a foxy little rabbit that played 'possum, was caught in a piece of mischief. A lady had two pets in a double hutel, and one of the other of them kept gnawing a hole in the partition between their quarters. When she approached on tiptoe she was certain that the sound of gnawing came from the side nearest her, but upon lifting the lid and looking in, there apparently fast asleep. She replaced the cover and listened. This time there could be no mistake about it. Raising the lid the second time she found the little trickster was in a different position and one of his rosy eyes was open. The third time she left the lid slightly ajar and caught the offender in the act, but, as in each instance before, he rolled over in the straw and feigned sleep. This was really a very cunning little rabbit.

The wilyness of the fox has always been recognized, but there was one old Reynard in particular that baffled the riders and the swiftest dogs. These chases always led to a fence and then the dog would invariably be lost. One day the hunters who had so often been led to that spot, determined if possible to solve the mystery of the quarry's disappearance. So a boy was stationed to watch. When the pack came up to the fence it became confused as usual. As the riders ap-

peared they would not believe that the boy was telling the truth when he declared that the fox had run along the top of the fence, then taken a wide leap into the hollow tree. The distance from the top rail to the opening in the trunk was so great that it seemed a physical impossibility for the animal to cover it in one bound. The boy insisted that he saw the crafty animal make the leap, so preparations were made to capture him alive. At the last moment he bounded out. In order to see if he would do the trick over again he was allowed to escape, but the hounds were never led to the fence again. Considering the cleverness of his first performance it was hardly giving him credit for too much sense to conclude that he knew enough to abandon that locality as one not suitable for his future health.

The Shortcomings of Jocko.

No series of animal stories would be complete without something about monkeys. They are the most interesting of all animals because they are nearer like people. The baby monkey acts in many ways like little human folk. It chatters, it plays, it learns to crawl before it walks; it is never pleased and frowns when displeased; it screams when in a temper and groans if it is sick; it coos when it is petted and sighs when it is neglected. Monkeys can be taught to dress themselves and do all sorts of little tricks. They can be trained to do work of a light character. One man has several that are expert fruit pickers. Some one in ob-servance of them at work noticed that they slyly ate a great deal whenever their master's back was turned. When spoken to about it he replied that he knew it, but was sure they didn't eat more than any other boys would if they had the job. A Florida man tried to teach a monkey to wait on the table and succeeded in making a most efficient servant out of Jocko with but two exceptions. He could not resist the temptation to stop and tease the cat, and he couldn't keep his fingers out of the sugar bowl.

A HOME SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

BY CORNELIA C. BEDFORD.

IT is the aim of the average housewife to make the Sunday meals especially dainty and appetizing, and yet to so plan them as to entail no more than the usual amount of work. The dinner has been extra good and enjoyed by all. For the evening meal, at which one or more friends of either parents or children are to be present, she makes up her mind to such other viands as can be quickly and easily prepared at the time. Her menu:

Sweetbread Creamed in the Chafing Dish.
Saratoga Chips.
Fruit with Syrup.
Brown Bread Fingers.
Little Cakes.

When sponge was set Friday night for the baking a somewhat larger quantity than usual was prepared. The next morning a pint of it was taken out and to this was added three eggs beaten with one-half of a cupful of sugar and one-third of a cupful of melted butter. An extra cupful of flour went in at the same time, and, after a hard beating, the batter was placed in a pan of warm water to accelerate the raising. When light as a puff more flour was stirred in to make a soft dough and this was kneaded for five minutes and again set aside to raise. It soon doubled in size. Pieces the size of an egg were pulled off of it, worked down, molded into balls and placed close together in pans. Brushing the tops well with milk. When very light the biscuits were baked in a hot oven, turned out and when cold put away in tin boxes. Each panful was quickly dipped in and out of cold water, covered and placed in the oven and in ten minutes they were steaming hot through.

The sweetbreads were also purchased on Saturday, and as soon as delivered, were dropped into cold water. As often as dis-colored the water was changed and when the meat looked very white and nice it was drained, placed in a saucepan, half of a teaspoonful of salt, a slice of onion and a tiny bit of mace added; boiling water was poured in to almost fill the saucepan and it was placed on the fire to simmer for twenty minutes. The sweetbreads were removed and dropped into cold water, the hot liquid strained and put aside to be mixed with soup stock or used as the basis of some gravy. When the meat was chilled it was drained, all fat and tubes removed then broken into bits and set away for next day.

The little cakes were also baked on Saturday. One quarter of a pound of un-blanched almonds were put through the food chopper followed by one-quarter of a pound of citron and the same amount of candied fruit. The mixture was then one-half of a pound of fine granulated sugar was stirred, then one-half of a pound of flour and a pinch of salt. When well mixed a well was made in the center and in it was poured two well beaten eggs and two tablespoonsful of drained honey. The dry mixture was gradually worked in until all was a stiff paste. This was rolled rather thin, cut in little fancy shapes, laid on greased pans and baked in a moderate oven. Before cooling each was brushed with slightly beaten white egg and a pinch of chopped almonds sprinkled over it.

The roast of pork was served hot on Saturday for dinner. The portion which remains is carefully cut into thin slices and mixed with an equal quantity of finely cut and blanched celery. A French dressing is made with one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper, four tablespoonsful of olive oil and one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar. This is well mixed with the salad and all put aside until supper time. Then some mayonnaise or cooked dressing is slightly thinned with vinegar or lemon juice, the salad arranged on a dish, covered with the dressing and garnished with pineapples and apples.

The brown bread served with the salad is of the Boston variety and is an accompaniment to the baked beans. Now it is in the thinnest of slices, spread with soft butter, then with mashed cream cheese, put together like sandwiches and cut in triangles.

The Saratoga chips were purchased of the grocer. He had just received a fresh lot and was specially good. All that was needed was to spread them on a flat pan and warm through in the oven. A few drops of vanilla were added to give a delicacy of flavor. The cream, which was sweet but very rich and thick, was fed before the smoking hot chips were poured in. Having arranged all other courses, the hostess attends herself to the preparation

and cooking of the sweetbreads. On a small tray she has ready the prepared meat and, on butter plates or in fancy dishes, the other delicacies—one heaping tablespoonful of butter, an equal amount of flour, a cupful and a quarter of rich milk, salt, pepper, a half-teaspoonful of lemon juice and a tiny pinch of mace. The chafing dish itself stands on a tray, for the wishes of the guests are such an accident as an overflowing lamp; once burned tablecloth and her own hands from such a cause. All are seated at the table and conversation begins. Lightly the lamp, she puts butter and flour in the blazer, stirring them together with an oiled wooden spoon—she considers this preferable to a metal one because it does not scorch the food. She adds the milk and, when the sauce has smoothed, thickened, seasons it, adds meat, lemon juice and mace, stirs the mixture pan underneath and puts on the cover. Five minutes later she serves it.

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50c

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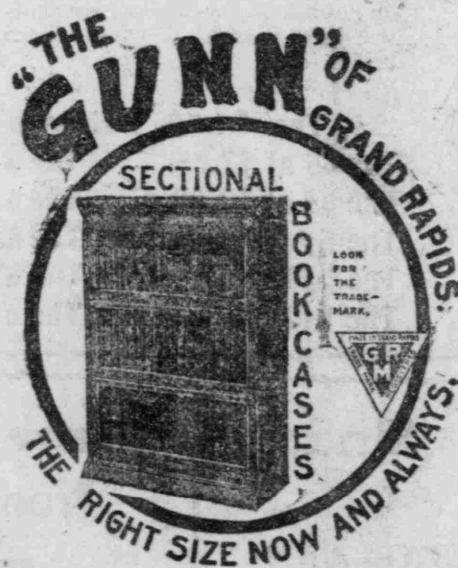


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